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Church. The names of CMAN merceta Episcopalian.

Of works such as the above, while they are the most desirable auxiliaries of which a clergyman can possess himself, no inquiring Episcopalian would, we think, willingly be destitute: one or more copies are almost indipensable to a Senday School or Parochial Library. To facilitate their acquisition, and to read the companion of the copies are almost indipensable their distribution by benevoleat individuals and Societies, the proposed publication has been undertaken, and is offered on the following liberal termis:—

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the first volume; for the present year, will appear about the 1st of May; and the second in the month of the interest of the 1st of May; and the second in the month of June: the third and fourth, as nearly as practicable, as the 1st of July and the 1st of October. It is proposed that the first two volumes shall consist of the following matter; or as nearly so, as may be compatible with the typographical arrangement of the work.

Communications to be addressed (Pear Mails, is John V. Van Ingen, A gent New. York Protestant E. John V. Van Ingen, A gent New. York Prot

Office.

SUBSCRIPTIONS

To the FAMILY VISITER; 4 to the CHILDREN'S MAGAZINE; also exclired at
this Office.

TO HIRE OR SELL A LIKELY NEGRO WOMAN, sho is a quire sa this Office.

April 15,

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RICE-THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the London New Munthly Magazine, for June FASHIONABLE ECLOGUES, No. 1. Scan The Family Mansion. No. MRS. AND MISS LONG.

MISS LONG.

Not go to town, this Spring, Papa!

Mamma! not go to town!

I never knew you so utikind,

You chill me with that frown—

My sweet Mamma, indulge your pet,

Entreat Papa to go—

Entreat Papa to go—
Ah now I see you're weeping too,
We shall succeed I know.

Mrs. Lowe

Mrs. Lowe

Als: my child, I've done my best,

And argued all day long:

But men are always obstinate,

Especially when wrong:

'Tis for my girl I urge the trip,

Not for myself, also!

But when I married had I known—

No matter—let that pass!

Mr. Lore. My dear you know that I abhor My dear you know that I annor
These silly disconnents;
You're quite absurd; why don't you make
The people pay their rents?
I ca'nt afford to take a house—
Nay, don't put on that sneer;
For once be happy where you are,
We'll go to town next year.

Miss Lone.

Miss Lone. Next year, Papa! next year, Mamma You know I'm thirty-two,

You know I'm thirty-two,
(I call myself but twenty-six,
So this is entre nous.)
Next year I shall be thirty-three—
I've not a day to lose,
Oh, let us go to town at once,
I'm lost if you refuse.

Mas Lowe.
Your conduct, Sir, is most absurd,
We went last year in June,
But Fanny had not a fair chance,
You took us home so soon;
Sir Charles was evidently struck,
I'm sure he wou'd have popp'd,
But then he saw no more of us,
And so the matter dropt.

Ma. Lowe.

And so the matter dropt.

Ma. Love.

For sixteen springs to town she went,
When town began to fill,
And sixteen summers she return'd,
A firring spinster still!
And now the times are very bad,
And tennts in arrear,
Dear love! I really can't afford
To go to town this year.

Mas. Love.

Mas. Long. Dear love, indeed! I ask you Sir. Dear love, indeed! I ask you bir.
Has any one man got
One single sixpence he can spare!
I answer, he has not.
Yet in Haut ton arrivals, still
I see each neighbour's name;
If other panjers go to town,
Why can't we do the same.

Miss Long.
Does not the Opera contain Its customary squeeze?
Have not the groves of Kensington
Gay groups benefit the trees?
At Almack's, happy radiant eyes
Outshifte the chandeliers;
And when I think of deen Hyde Park,
—I can't restrain my Jears.

MBs. Love. Of course, my dear! you stay with us? Why, no, my love! not so,
My duties Parliamentary
Force me, alas! to go.

Mas. Lone. You can't afford a house in town!

Ma. Loss.
No, sweetest! there's the rub;
But I shall sleep at Bat's you know,
And dine, love! at the Glub.

Mas. Lope.
The Club! I hate that edious word,
The bane of wedded life;
Oh! well the roving, husband fares,
But chops may serve the wife;
And then the thing's a vile excuse,
Which we must take perforce:

"Where have you been this afternoon?"

Oh-at-the Club"—of course.

the pelican; and the reflection of the vessel was so clear and studdy, that at the distance of a cable's length you could not distinguish the water-line, nor tell where the substance ended and shadow began, until the casual dashing of a bucket overboard for a few moments broke up the phantom-ship; but the wavering fragments soon re-united, and she again floated double, like the swan of the poet. The heat was so intense, that the iron stancheons of the awning could not be grasp ed with the hand, and where the decks were not screened by it, the pitch boiled out from the seams. The swell rolled in from the offing in long shining undulations, like a sea of quicksilver, whilst every now and then a flying fish would spark out from the unruffled bosom of the heaving water, and shoot away like a silver arrow, until it dropped with a

The crew were listlessly spining oakum, and mending sails, under the shade of the awning; the only exceptions to the general languor were John Crow the black, and Jackoo guor were John Crow the black, and Jackoo the monkey. The former (who was an improvisatore of a rough stamp) sat out on the bowsprit, through choice, beyond the shade of the canvass, without hat or shirt, like a bronze bust bu-y with his task, whatever it inight be, singing at the top of his pipe, and between whiles, confabulating with his hairy ally, as if he had been a messmate. The monkey was the rist from the dolphinstriker. hanging by the tail from the dolphin-striker, admiring what John Crow called, 'his own ugly face in the water.' 'Fail like yours would be good ting for sailor, Jackoo, it would leave his two hands free aloft—more use, more hornament too, I'm sure, den de piece of greasy junk dat hangs from de captain's taffril. Now I shall sing to you, how dat Corroman-tee rascal, my fader, was sell me on de Gold

'Two ted nightcap, one long knife, All him get for Quackon, For gun next day him sell him wife— You tink dat good song, Jackoo''

'Chocko, chocko,' chattered the monkey, as ochocko, chocko, chatched the monky has if in answer. 'Ah, you tink so—sensible honimal! What is dat? Jackov, come up, sir, don't you see dat big shovel-nosed fish looking at you? Pull your hand out of the water, I tell you.' The negro threw himself on the gammoning of the bowsprit to take hold of the poor ape, who mistaking his kind intention, and ignorant of his danger, shrunk from him, lost his hold, and fell into the sea. The shark instantly sank to have a run, then dash ed at his prey, raising his snout over him, and shooting his head and shoulders three or four feet out of the water, with poor Jackoo shrieking in his jaws, whilst his signal bones crackled and cranched under the monster's

the seabreeze, when a rushing noise passed over my head.

rer my head.

I looked up and saw a gallinaso, the large carrion-crow of the tropics, sailing contrary to the habits of its kind, seaward over the brig. I followed it with my eye, until it vanished in the distance, when my attention was attracted by a dark speck far out in the offing, with a little tiny white sail. With my glass I made it out to be a ship's boat, With saw no one on board, and the sail was

but I saw no one on board, and the sall was idly flapping about the mast.

On making my report I was desired to pull towards it in the gig; and as we approached, one of the crew said he thought he saw some one peering over the bow. We drew nearer, and I saw him distinctly. Why don't you haul the sheet aft, and come down to us, sir?'

He posither mayed nor answered, but, see

in, to our astonishment,

**Super the Chb"—of course.

Wiss Lave.

Inst Lave.

Inst them sil! but labor.

The Athenium most:

Max Lose.

**Lack eger member strivee, And secons to say 'sang quarten these—

What Lose.**

Max Lose.

**Combe, decreed Pamyl dry your eyes, A letelle rouge put on Pitheir you aswert depease with the their you aswert depease with the depead of the probable, had put an end to thimself in the theory and the searcheeze, had not set in—there was not a breath stirrifg. The pennant from the marsh had fell diagraphy down, and clung asmongst the riging like a dead snake, whits the face of an asmongst the riging like a dead snake, whits the face of the pennant from the morphing with the face you ask the face of a many as a shore it lay be read being a work of a constraint of a beat was equally probable, had put an end to himself in the form and took a narrow probable with goal feel diagraphy down, and clung asmongst the riging like a dead snake, whits the face of the pennant from the marsh had feel to asmill about a feel bear with the face of the pean the work of the dead of the face of the pean the dead of the face of the pean to the

seemed ready to crack. But in the midst of this desulation, his deep-set-coal-black eyes sparkled like two diamonds with the fever of his sufferings; there was a fearful fascination in their flashing brightness, contrasted with the deathlike aspect of the face and rigidity of the frame. When sensible of our presence he frame. When sensible of our presence ne tried to speak, but could only utter a low moaning sound. At length—'Agua, agua!'—we had not a drop of water in the boat.—'Elmuchacho esta moriendo de sed—agua.'
We got on board, and the surgeon gave the room fellow some weak tepid grog. It acted

poor fellow some weak tepid grog. It acted like magic. He gradually uncoiled himself, his voice, from being weak and husky, became comparatively clear. 'El Higo-Agua para mi pedrillo-No le hace paia mi-Oh, ta nokhe pasada, la noche pasa la!' He was told to compose himself, and that his boy would be taken care of. Dexa me verle entonces, oh Dios, Dexa me verle—and he crawled grovelling on his chest, like a crushed worm across the deck, until he got his head over the port sill, and looked down into the boat. He there beheld the pale face of his deed son; it was the last object he ever saw—'Ay de mi' he groaned heavily and dropped his face against the ship's side—he was dead. Blackwood's

PRINCIPLES OF HONOUR AMONG

THE GERMAN STUDENTS.
I had been about a month in Gottingen, when I was sitting alone one evening in that species of indolent humour in which we half a friend's approach, without possessing energy sufficient to seek for society abroad, when my friend Eisendaller entered, he resisted all my entreaties to remain, and briefly informed me entreaties to remain, and briefly informed me that he came to request I would accompany him the following morning to Meissner, a distance of about five leagues, where he was to fight a duel, and told me, that to avoid suspicion in town, the horses should wait at my door, which was outside the ramparts, as early as five o'clock; having thus acquainted me with the object of his visit, and also told me not to forget he would breakfast with me betriple row of teeth.

While this small tragedy was acting—and painful enough it was to the kind hearted negro—I was looking out towards the eastern horizon, watching the first dark-blue ripple of caution; for I well knew that several duels caution; for I well knew that several duels took place every day within the precincts of the University, without mention being made of them, or any inquiry being instituted by the protector or consul. Towards morning I fell into a kind of disturbed sleep, from which I was awakened by my friend entering, and hallooing, 'aul, auf, die sonne sheint heil.'— 'up, the sun shines bright;' (the first line of a well known student catch.) I rose and dressed myself, aud having breakfasted, we mounted our nags and set off, at a sharp pace, to the place of meeting.

For the first few miles, not a word was spoken on either side; he was apparently

spoken on either side; he was apparently wrapt in his thoughts, and I did not wish to one of the crew said he thought he saw some one peering over the bow. 'We drew nearer, and I saw him distinctly. 'Why don't you haul the sheet sft, and come down to us, sir?' He neither moved nor answered, but, as the boat rose and fell on the short sea, raised by the first of the breeze, the face kept mopping and mowing at us over the gunwale.

'I will soon teach you manners, my fine fellow! give way, men'—and I fired my musket, when the crow that I had seen, rosefrom the boat into the air, but immediately alighted again, to our astonishment, vulture-like, with the state of the state of the state of the sum of the state of the sum of the su of his opponent's, a very lovely girl, whom he had met at the Court of Hanover. Having given this brief explanation, he again relapsed into silence, and we rode on for miles without saying a word — The morning was delightful, the country through which we passed highly picturesque, and there was an uppearance of happy content and cheerfulness on the faces of the peasants, who all saluted us as they went furth to their morning labour that stood in awful contrast to our feelings, hurrying forward, as we were on the mission of death.

We at length arrive! at Meissner, where

consciousness of the awful situation in which they were placed—the pistol was handed to Eisendaller, with direction to fire before the lapse of a minute; he immediately levelled it, and remained in the attitude of covering his antagonist for some seconds, but at length finding his hand becoming unsteady, he de-liberately lowered his arm to his side, stiffening and stretching it to his utmost length, and remaining thus for an instant, he appeared to be gaining resolution for his deadly purpose. It was a moment of awful suspense: I felt my heart sicken at the blood thirsty coolness of the whole proceeding, and had to turn away my head in disgust; when I again looked round, he had raised his pistol, and was tak-ing a long and steady aim; he at length fired; the bill whizzed through Hautsel's hair, and as it grazed, he wheeled naif round by an involuntary motion, and raised his hand to see if there were blood. I now looked anxiously if there were blood. I now looked anxiously at Eisendaller, but he stood firm and motionless as a statue—I thought at one moment I saw his lip curl, and a half scowl of disappointment and impatience cross his features, but in an instant it passed away, and he remained as passionless as before.

It was now Hautsell's turn; he lost no time

in presenting his weapon; there was a small red spot burning on the cheek that had been grazed, which seemed to bespeak the flery rage that had taken possession of his soul, for he felt that his antagonist had done his best to take away his life. I shuddered to think that

ENOCH TIMBERTOES ACCOUNT OF

THE CELEBRATION.

New York, July 7, 1830.

Dear Tim—If New York aint the beater-

most place for fun, then my name aint Enoch, thats all. I guess youd have thot so if your only ben here independent day and seen how they kept it up. They begun by day brake, ringin bells, firin guns, beaten drums, blowin lately waited on the minister of a populous, ringin beris, in ringuls, beaten durins, obtains, and all them kind of noises to wake folks up and letern know what was comid.

Bang-bang went the cannon—pop-pop went the pistles—crack-crack—crack—crack—so reserved. went the fire crackers as spiteful as 50 mad went the fire crackers as spiteful as 50 mad turtles only ten times louder. My ears aint done ringin yet the stuffed them chock full of cotton wool. I couldent sleep a wink, so up I got and spruced myself up and made my old cowhides shine like glass bottles, and off I started to see 4th of July. I hadent gone fur afore long came the old revolutioners playin vankee doodle as merry as a flock of bobby Lincolns in hayin times darn if it didnt seem good to hear the old tune. I couldent help thinkin afterwards when I saw the voluntary companies trampoosing thro the streets and dressed up all so fine, what a difference there was atween them and the old seventy-sixers, they looked like men who didnt fear snakes they looked like men who didnt fear snakes nor gunpowder, tothers like miliners gals all show and would run at their own shadders.

show and would run at their own shaders. As for marchin howsumever I gess capten shutes company would beet the Yorkers all holler, cause why? they dont chork the left footbere which is a capitol plan to keep step by. I had a royal good time goin round among the booths as they call em here. I gess there was much as a thousand round the park tho I didnt count em all. There want no riertus behavier as I saw tho there was plenty of fellers with their gals there eatin pig and ois-

of the dead boy. At this instant we heard a glibbering noise, and saw something like a bundle of old rags roll out from beneath the stern-sheet, and apparently make a fruitless attempt to drive the galinasa from its prey—Heaven and earth, what an object met our eyes! It was afull-grown man, but so wasted, that one of the boys lifted him by his best and with one hand. His knees were draw tap to his chin, his hands were like the talons of a bird, while the falling in of his chocolate-coloured and withered features give an unhealthy relief to his forehea!, over which the horny and transparent skim was braced so tightly that it seemed ready to crack. But in the midst of seemen mere apparently unkneed the least emotion or any one out a fourpense happenny and he poned out a fourpense happenny and he consciousness of the awful situation in which they were placed—the pistol was handed to the bard of the burguite when Ide done draw which the two pri sas he—I see it says Is well what more do you want says he. O nothin says I only if twant for the name out I should guess twan nothin more than lasses and water. He tried to laff it off at fust but when I told him Ido expose him if he dint give back my money ho-looked like a stuck pig and handed over quick

looked like a stuck pig and handed over quick enufi. I got a sheet of gingerbread to boot. I told you something about the New York niggers in my last but Ide no idee theyd keep the 4th of July—but theyre a plagy independent set here I tell ve—they had a regular bilt procession the day after the white folks and marched thro the streets with drums beatin and colers flyin jist as stilish as trainin day. There was all the bootblacks and chimble sweeps in the sitty sum on hosback and sum on foot—if it hadent been for their faces you couldent have told but what they belongyou couldent have told but what they belongyou couldent have told but what they belonged to sum of the voluntary companies they
were dressed up so smart. I saw big dick
the feller that cleans tripe in the market on
hosback there—he looked as ferse as boneypart till some of the butchers boys drove by.
I gess he looked a little sheepish then, but he

stuck up his head as soon as ever they was out of site. I must close this pistol now hop-ing you are well and kicking. Yours with A steam, ENOCH TIMBERTOES.

take away his life. I shuddered to think that I was looking on my friend for the last time, for from the situation in which I stood, I could distinctly see that his heart was covered, and that the moment Hautsell drew the trigger would be his last. Maddened with an agonizing thrill of horror, I felt an irresistible impulse to rush forward, and arrest the arm that was about to deprive him of life; but while a sense of what was due to the established customs of society on such occasions restrained me, and I stood breathless with terrific expectation of the fatal flash; Hautsell, to myamazement, suddenly raising his pistol to avertical position, fired it straight overh is head, flung his weapon into the air, and rushing forward threw his arms round Elisendaller, burst into tears, exclaiming, "Mein Bruder!" and wept upon his neck like a child.

We were wholly unprepared for such a scene, and although not easily unmanned, the overwrought feelings of all sought vent in a passion of tears. We soon left the ground, and mounted our horses to return to Gottingen. On our way home there was I ttle said. It happened that once, and once only. I found that the moment friend from the situation in which I stood, it could distinctly see that his heart was abovered by a canal stockholder for the purpose of putting down rail ways:—

"He saw what would be the effect of it; that it would set the whole world a gadding. Twenty will see a nal bour, su." Why you will not be able to keep an apprentice boy at his work; Every Saturday evening he must take a trib. To this the sawetheart. Grave, plodding citizens will be fly-ing about like comets Alf-ocal attachments will be at an end. It was a sense of intellect. We ratious people will turn into the most immeasurable liars; all their conception will be exaggerated by the magnificent notions of distance—only a hundred miles off. Tut, nonsense, I'll step across, madam, and bring your fan! 'Pray, sir, will you dine with me to-day, at my little box on the Allegany?' Why indeed I don't know—I sh overwrought feelings of all sought vent in a passion of tears. We soon left the ground, and mounted our horses to return to Gottingen. On our way home there was I title said. It happened that once, and once only, I found myself at the side of Hautsell; he conversed with me for a short time in a low under tone, and on my asking how he felt at the moment of his adversary's missing him, he answered, it was then my determined purpose to shoot him, and up to the last moment this determination remained unaltered, but at the instant of placing my finger on the trigger. I thought I saw an expression about his face that reminded me of earlier and happier days, when we studied and played together, and had but one heart, and I felt as if I were about to become the murderer of my brother. I could then more easily have turned the pistol against my own breast, than have shot the friend of my childhood.

ENOCH TIMBERTOES ACCOUNT OF THE CELEBRATION.

New York, July 7, 1830.

Dear Tim—II New York aint the beaterpeople better. None of your hop, skip and jump whimsies for me.

> parish, and requested the use of his church to deliver a lecture to the people. The mi-nister stated his determination, and his reasons for declining to grant this for any other than for declining to grant this for any other than purposes purely religious—but, to show the applicant that he had no personal grudge towards him, he proposed to give him the "fashion o' the hoose." A case of bottles was produced, containing various liquors, and the lecturer was desired to choose and help himself, his host setting the example. The former could not be prevailed upon to taste or handle, but he drunk off no less than three full tumblers of water pure from the spring, upon which the Rev. Bexagenarian shrewdly observed: 'My certie, lad, gin ye hadna been upon which the Rev. Sexagenarian and way observed: 'My certie, lad, gin ye hadna been at something stronger than water last night, its my opinion ye wadna hae been fashed wir sic a lowin' drouth this mornin.'—Perth Cou-

The following lines were copied from a paper attached to a post near a trough of water, placed for the accommodation of travellers in the town of Homer, state of N. Y.

Come traveller, slake thy parching thirst, And drive away dull care;
Thou need stanot broach thy little purse,
For I am free awair!

My source is to the sea;
Then drink till thou art satisfied,
Yea, drink, for I am free.

lic Jour

ining l

d coun of Au-